

# Freight County Telegraph.

22 per annum.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

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T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 13.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 524

## THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

T. A. PLANTS & Co.

Office at Third Street, between the Court House and the

Bank.

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\$1.50 in advance; \$3.00, if paid

within the year; or \$5.00

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## Select Poetry.

### THE POOR MAN'S BOOK.

BY GEORGE W. BURNAP.

The winds have blown the smoke away;  
Cold is the fog that hangs the mill,  
The mill is silent, and the miller's  
Tremble is mute, and labor still.

The unheeded mule feeds on the green,  
The weary ox rests in the shade;  
The miller's mill is silent, and the miller's  
Tremble is mute, and labor still.

Gay flowers from hill and vale  
Like daisies of sunshine from the sky,  
Bow their heads to the sun, and the miller's  
Tremble is mute, and labor still.

Beneath his own flagstone and stone,  
Beside the lonely cottage door,  
The good man reads the precious book—  
Of promise to the humble poor.

The Bible is the poor man's law,  
A bread and butter to the poor,  
A ladder to the heights of heaven,  
With angels coming down from there.

WOMEN.

BY PIERRE CARRÉ.

'Tis a sad truth, yet 'tis a truth  
That does not need the proving,  
We give our hearts away unasked,  
And are not loved for loving.

Striving to win a little back,  
For all we give, we hide it,  
And lips that tremble with their love,  
In trembling have denied it.

We, foolish, deem the kiss and smile  
But love and love's beginning;  
While he who wins our hearts away,  
Is satisfied with winning.

On thinking that we have not found  
The right one for our mating,  
We go on till our hearts are worn,  
And eyes are blind with waiting.

The heart of us, until we die,  
Is less a man than woman;  
And while we pray for love divine,  
Our hearts yearn for the human.

## Miscellany.

### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY DOXIE SIMHAU.

"Oh, how I wish we were richer!" I  
said to my wife one day.

"My dear," she said, "you must not be  
discontented: we have every comfort—  
what more do we desire?"

"Oh, there are a hundred things—a  
larger house, a carriage, a fine library, and  
I know not what."

"It is a sin to fly in the face of God's  
providence," replied my wife. "Our house  
is plenty large enough for our small fam-  
ily, and as for a carriage, we should have  
one for it—and then we subscribe to  
the Mercantile Library. You can get  
any book you want from there. Believe  
me, my love, we have every reason to be  
satisfied with our present lot, and instead  
of repining, ought to thank God for it."

And the dear little woman came over to  
me—put her arms around my neck—no,  
I made a mistake, she is too short for that—  
she pulled my face down to hers and  
kissed me.

Dear reader, I must tell you that my  
name is Jonathan Cuttwell, and that I  
have the privilege of writing M. D. after  
my name, as a diploma from the University  
Medical College in New York, now hanging  
in my bedroom, ample testifies. I was born  
in Virginia, and of course belonged to one  
of the F. F. V's. I hope you will make no  
mistake upon this point. At the time I  
commence this story I had been living  
for upward of four years in Madison  
street, in the city of Baltimore.

I had scraped together a fair picture, and  
as my wife had said, we had every com-  
fort. But still I was not satisfied; there  
was Dr. B.—he kept his carriage, Profes-  
sor C.—he had a large fine house, with  
over a hundred servants, and Dr. D.—he had  
a very large library, and I could get all my  
books in a moderately sized book case. I  
wanted to jump to the top of the ladder at  
once—I did not like this waiting for for-  
tune—it was altogether too slow, too tu-  
dious a process for me. The result of all  
that was, I became discontented, cross,  
peevish. I was easily annoyed, and my  
naturally good temper stood in great dan-  
ger of being forever destroyed.

My wife, however, exerted a good deal  
of influence over me—soothing my ruffled  
spirits, pouring oil upon the troubled wa-  
ters. I don't believe it was possible for  
there to be another woman like her in the  
world. She was the epitome of goodness.  
She was—why should I go on?  
Words cannot express half her good quali-  
ties; I must leave it to the readers' imagi-  
nation to fill up the portrait. She also  
belonged to the F. F. V's. We had been  
brought up together from childhood, had  
always loved each other, and you might  
search the whole United States through  
and you would not find a happier marriage  
than ours.

The conversation opening my story oc-  
curred on the 31st of December, 1855.  
We were undressing for bed, and had had  
a few friends to spend the evening with  
us. I had been beaten three games of  
chess, running, and that might perhaps  
have had something to do with increasing  
my discontent.

Well, as I before said, my wife came  
over and kissed me; this soothed my feel-  
ings a little, and without more grumbling,  
I jumped into bed.

I dreamed—I scarcely know what I  
dreamed that night—carriages, libraries,  
gold, silver, were all mixed up in terrible  
confusion. At last I thought I was dead,  
and some one was nailing down my coffin.

"Rat-tat-tat!"

Perpetration bursting from every pore  
in my body.

"Rat-tat-tat!"

A fearful struggle in which I knocked  
my wife over the eyes with my elbow, for-  
tunately not hurting her, but causing her to  
give me a kick (of course she did not  
know what she was doing) which awak-

experienced of being nailed down in my  
coffin.

"Come in," I exclaimed.

The door opened, and Bridget made her  
appearance. (I should say that Bridget  
was a recent importation from the Emer-  
ald Isle, and was our maid of all work.) I  
assured you we had work to train her. To  
give you an idea how exceedingly verdant  
she was when she first came to us, we  
asked her one hot, scorching day, to pour  
water on some ice; she did so—only the  
water was boiling.)

"If you please, sir," said Bridget, "the  
mate is all cooked, and breakfast is nearly  
ready."

(Bridget is from Cork, and her accent  
rather broad.)

"All right, Bridget," I replied; "we will  
get up directly. Give me the 'Sun' paper."

Bridget did as I requested, and I propped  
myself up in bed and began to peruse it.  
The first thing that struck me, was  
that it was Tuesday the first day of Janu-  
ary, 1856. I had quite forgotten that it  
was New Year's day. I determined it  
would turn over a new leaf, and endeavor  
to be more satisfied with my condition for  
the ensuing year. My eyes then ran down  
the list of advertised letters. I saw one  
for me—yes, there it was, Jonathan Cut-  
twell, M. D., right before my eyes—

Now, to say nothing of the prefix, Jon-  
athan, I immediately surmised that the let-  
ter must be intended for me. I set my  
wits to work to think who it could be from.

"I have it," said I to myself; "it's from  
Aunt Margaret. She has sent us a hand-  
some New Year's gift in the shape of a  
bank bill, and not knowing my true ad-  
dress, had directed the letter simply Balti-  
more."

I was so convinced that my supposition  
was correct, that I could no longer restrain  
my impatience, but jumped up and hurried  
on my clothes, told Bridget to delay the  
breakfast, threw myself into a Howard  
street stage, and in about a quarter of an  
hour, found myself at the Post Office win-  
dow.

In another minute the letter was in  
my hands.

I opened it, and, to my astonishment,  
read as follows:

Accomack, C. H., Va., Dec. 24, '55.

Dear Sir:—We regret to inform you of  
the demise of your respected aunt, Mar-  
garet Cuttwell. By her will, now in our  
possession, you are appointed sole heir to  
her property, amounting in real estate and  
personal property to \$10,000 per annum.

Hoping to see you immediately, we re-  
main

Yours, respectfully,  
FLEECOM & CO.

To Jonathan Cuttwell, Esq., M. D., Bal-  
timore, Md.

Poor Aunt Margaret was dead then! In  
spite of the wealth she had left me, I really  
felt sorry; she was such a good kind old  
lady, but then I reflected, we cannot expect  
to live forever, and eighty is, after all, a  
good old age. And then I thought of the  
wealth she had left me, and the new com-  
forts it would bring us—how high we  
could hold up our heads! That we could  
get a carriage as handsome as Dr. B.'s—  
a horse as fine as Dr. C.'s—and a li-  
brary as large as Dr. D.'s.

By the time all these things had passed  
through my mind I had again reached home.

"Joy! joy!" I exclaimed, as I opened  
the door; my wife was sitting at the break-  
fast table waiting for my return—"we are  
rich, we are independent!"

"What do you mean, my dear?" You  
must be going crazy, said my wife. I  
replied, I threw the letter to her to  
read. I could see the dear girl's eyes  
brighten as she read.

"Oh, how nice!" she exclaimed, when  
she had perused it. "Now Jonathan dear,  
what shall we do?"

"Well," I returned, I suppose I must  
give up practice."

"Certainly, throw physic to the dogs,"  
returned Jane.

"We will then make a tour of the United  
States," I added.

"No, no," said Jane, "we will go at once  
to Paris."

"Paris!" I replied, "nonsense, I don't  
want to go and live on French nicknaws.  
We will go to Niagara, and—"

"I say no," returned my wife in a loud  
voice, at the same time stirring her coffee  
with such energy, that she threw her cup  
over and broke it all to pieces.

"We will go to Paris," I replied, "it shall  
be nothing but Niagara."

"Paris?"

"Niagara?"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

"Paris!"

"Niagara!"

but the savages only laughed at me. My  
wife on the other hand was not sick at all,  
but seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly,  
while I rocked in my berth. I could hear  
her laughing and joking with the rest of  
the passengers. The sound was hateful  
to me, and I upbraided her very much for  
it. She retaliated, high words ensued,  
and we had another desperate quarrel. It  
was sometime before we made this up.  
This quarrel was finally succeeded by oth-  
ers; in fact that they became now almost  
of daily occurrence, and I plainly saw that  
we were going to hate each other.

We landed at Havre, and after we  
had been on shore a few days, I began to  
feel better and could look around me. The  
first thing that I noticed was a French-  
man, paying, as I thought, a great deal too  
much attention to my wife.

I scowled at him.

He advanced to me with the most pleas-  
ant air in the world, and said:

"Monsieur has been very sick—I hope  
Monsieur feels better."

"Yes, I do," I growled.

"Who is that fellow?" I whispered to  
my wife.

"Oh, that's Monsieur Letoux, our fellow  
passenger from New York; you were so  
sick all the way over that you did not see  
him, but I assure you he was very atten-  
tive to me."

"I have no doubt he was," I muttered.

"Monsieur and Madame go to Paris?"

"I shall have the honor of accompanying  
them."

There was no help for it. I could not  
be so unmanly as to refuse polite at-  
tention, so I bowed my head in acquies-  
cence.

We were soon on our road to Paris. I  
sat coiled up in one corner of the railroad  
carriage while my wife chatted with M.  
Letoux, in French. Now I know little  
French while my wife spoke it like a na-  
tive. I could, however, distinguish the  
words "Mouche Monsieur," and "Machare  
Madame," very often repeated. I did not  
like it, but held my peace.

We arrived in due time at Paris, and  
under the Frenchman's advice, took apart-  
ments in the Hotel Maurice.

Then followed a long dreary month of  
sight-seeing, and how tiresome it was.  
We visited the Louvre, Pantheon, Cata-  
combs, Versailles, St. Cloud—and a hun-  
dred other places that I don't remember.

We returned home every day tired to death.  
How I wished myself home again! And  
then my wife became more distant to me,  
every day; it was evident she took no  
pleasure in my society; not a day passed  
but what we had a violent quarrel. I did  
not curse our recently acquired fortune.

I ceased at last to go out at all with my  
wife, but my place was well filled by Mon-  
sieur Letoux, who took her everywhere.

This eternal Frenchman was always  
with us; he paid assiduous court to Jane,  
but I did not mind that much, for in spite  
of all the differences between me and my  
wife, I still had faith in her honor. I did  
not believe she was vulnerable on that  
point.

Alas! I was grievously deceived—but  
do not let me anticipate.

As I have before stated, things went on  
in this manner for a month, and I became  
perfectly disgusted with the whole affair,  
and would spend my whole day in Gar-  
gan's reading room, while Letoux gallanted  
my wife about. This became so regular  
that my wife never saw me until late at  
night, and never expected me during day-  
time. It was a relief to both of us to see  
each other as little as possible, for now  
there was no sympathy between us, our  
thoughts, ideas and wishes were entirely  
opposite. How different from our modest  
home in Baltimore! There we had agreed  
in everything, and our life had been one of  
unalloyed happiness and love! Oh, fatal,  
fatal fortune! Why we had agreed with  
the possession of \$10,000 a year?

One day I went to the reading-room  
as usual, but while there I was taken with  
a violent headache-ache. I determined to  
go to my hotel and go to bed.

Acting upon this idea, contrary to my  
usual custom, I returned home in the mid-  
dle of the day—I was just about enter-  
ing my bedroom when I heard voices in the  
parlor, which was situated on the same  
landing with the sleeping apartment.

I cautiously approached the glass door  
and peeped over the green blind. Oh! God!  
—what did I see there—could I be-  
lieve my eyes?

Yes, there was Monsieur Letoux, kneel-  
ing at my wife's feet, kissing her hand—  
and oh! horror of horrors! She was gaz-  
ing lovingly in his face.

My brain was on fire; my heart beat tu-  
multuously. Her indifference I could  
bear, but dishonor never! I rushed into  
my bedroom, and seized a revolver I al-  
ways carried with me when traveling. With  
one bound I was in the room, con-  
fronting the guilty pair.

"Villain you must die!" I exclaimed,  
and discharged my pistol at Letoux, the  
ball entered his heart, he reeled, gazed at  
me with a ghastly stare, and fell dead at  
my feet.

"Now madam, it is your turn," I ex-  
claimed, facing my wife, "you must re-  
join your vile paramour."

"Oh! mercy, Jonathan, mercy!" she  
cried clasping her hands together.

"What show mercy to a vile woman  
like you—never!"

I placed the revolver to her heart and  
discharged it.

She died without a groan.

My work was now finished and I gazed  
rapidly around me. My feelings under-  
went a revolution. There lay Jane, my  
own dear wife, weltering in her blood and  
I was her murderer! What a cry of hor-  
ror! I threw myself on her prostrate form  
and then lost my consciousness.

When I came to myself I was in the  
hands of the gendarmes and on my road to  
prison.

Three months dreary captivity followed.

How shall I describe all the anguish of  
mind I endured? My heart was broken.

One morning I was informed that my  
trial was to take place that day. I heard  
the news with utter indifference, but I  
cared not what became of me.

I was tried; I made no defense, and af-  
ter a long investigation, a verdict of  
guilty of willful murder was returned  
against me.